


Da Capo

1967





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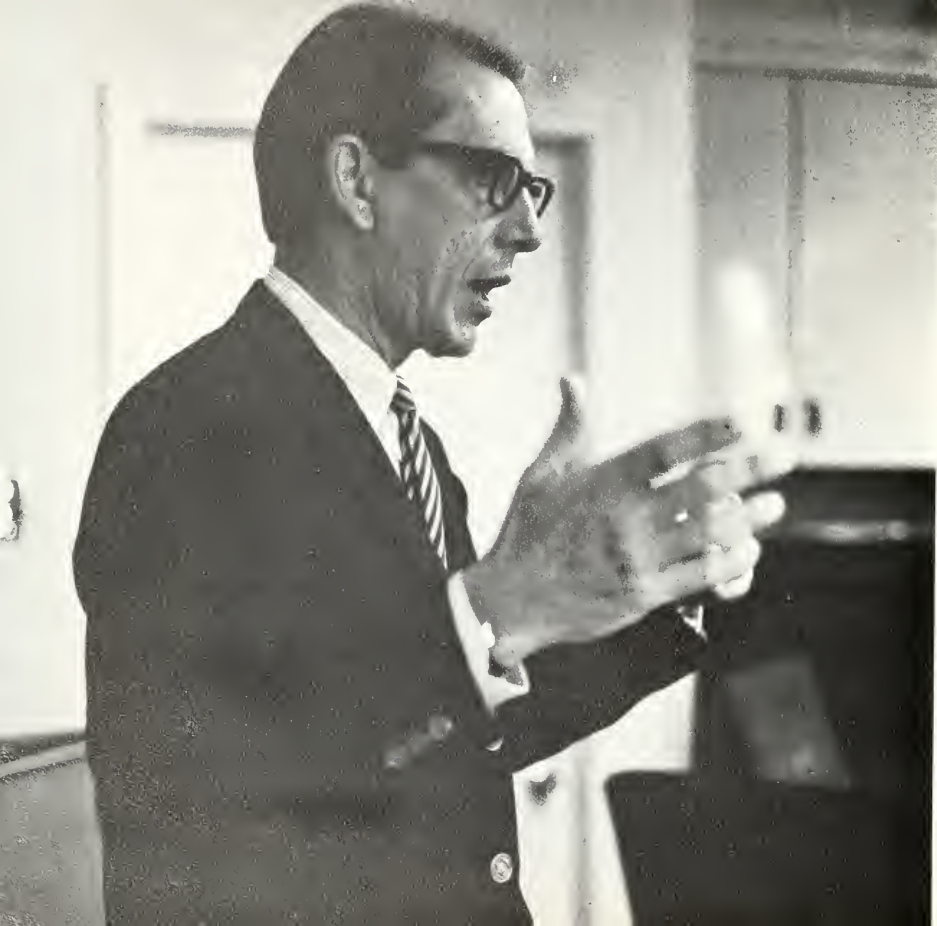
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"MUSIC HEARD SO DEEPLY·
THAT IT IS NOT HEARD AT ALL,
BUT YOU ARE THE MUSIC
WHILE THE MUSIC LASTS."

T. S. ELIOT



JOSEPH CASTALDO HAS BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL ACADEMY FOR ONE YEAR AND ALREADY THERE HAS BEEN CONSIDERABLE CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF THE SCHOOL. HE AND THE ADMINISTRATIVE AND PROFESSIONAL STAFF HE HAS CHOSEN ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MUCH OF THIS CHANGE. WE ARE HAPPY TO HAVE HIM AS OUR PRESIDENT AND FEEL THE SCHOOL WILL GREATLY BENEFIT UNDER HIS DIRECTION.



DR. ARTHUR CUSTER
DEAN

RICHARD A. HOGE
REGISTRAR
DIRECTOR OF
STUDENT AFFAIRS





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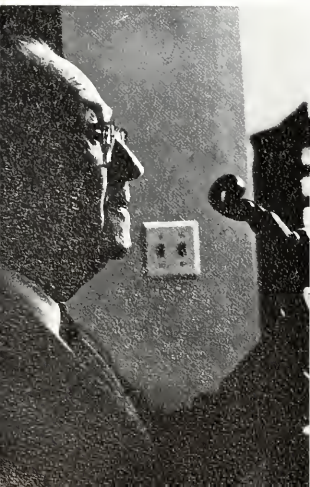
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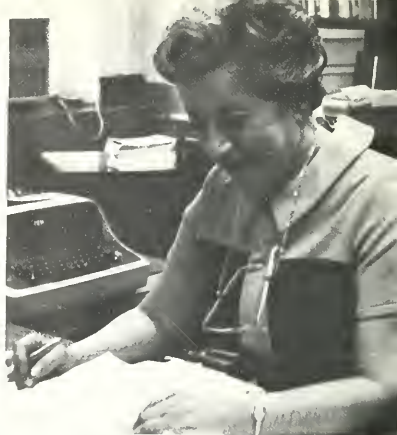
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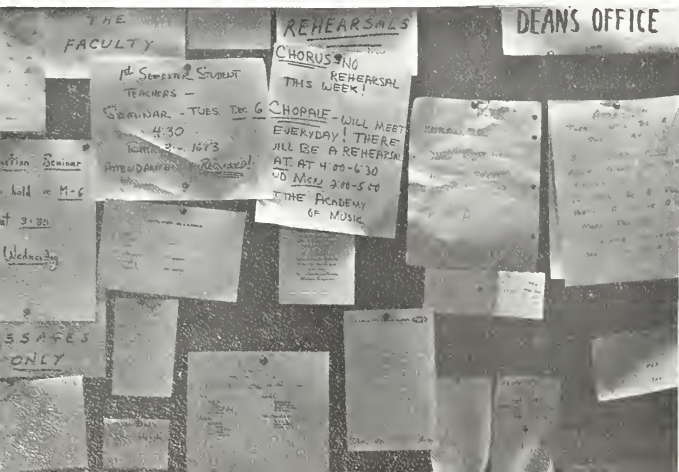
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PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF ART STAFF

* Department head

















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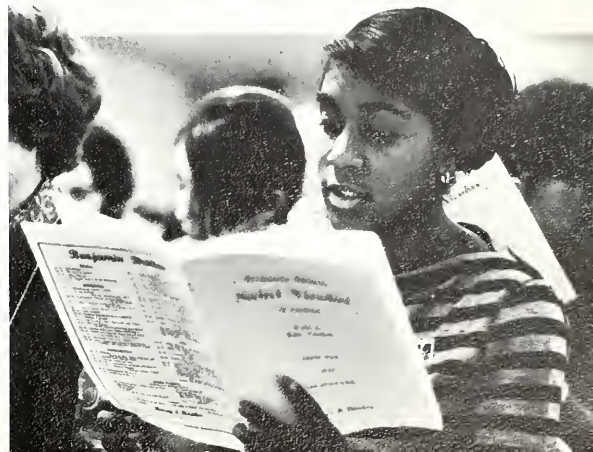
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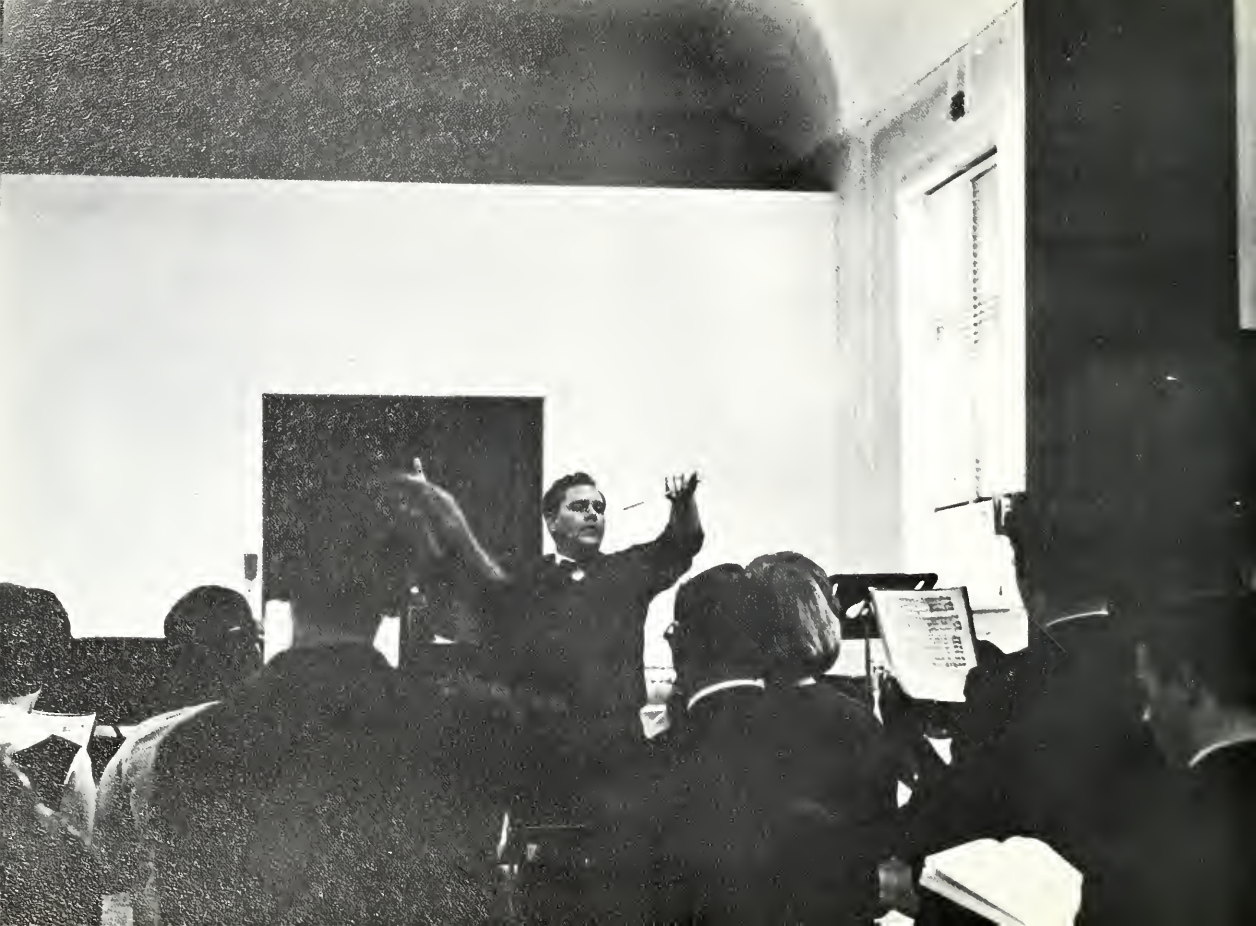
MAURICE KAPLOW
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	ROBERT DELLOREFICE
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FLORENCE QUIVAR



MIKE PEDICIN
QUINTET

VILLANOVA
JAZZ FESTIVAL
WINNERS



THE PROFESSIONAL DEMISE OF MR. STILT

A SHORT STORY BY MANFORD ABRAHAMSON

"I've got it!"

"Got what, Sir?"

"The solution to the problem of the missing books, of course."

"Oh—well, bravo, Sir." The assistant librarian tried in vain for an exclamation point. He was far from inspired today. The head librarian had already tried five different "solutions" to the problem, and none of them had been worth all the bother. When the books had first begun to disappear, Mr. Stilt had issued a proclamation stating that anyone found attempting to run off with any of the library's books would be suspended. Promptly. Mr. Stilt had been convinced that the library thief would either be caught within the following few days or make no further illegal book withdrawals. For two weeks there had been no thefts. Finally, Mr. Stilt, in a moment of triumph, had taken down the proclamation. The following day, fifteen books were stolen.

Three months and four solutions later, the problem of the missing books was still with them. By now,

Mr. Stilt had attained a pinnacle of unpopularity reached by very few. His latest suggestion had been to fingerprint the entire student body. Objections from the students and the faculty were so many and so violent, however, that he had been forced to abandon Plan Five. Today the assistant librarian was tired of Mr. Stilt's plans and of Mr. Stilt in general.

Not so Mr. Stilt. He positively loved himself at this moment. He assumed all the airs of a man suddenly called to greatness. "It is without a doubt the most ingenious of all the plans. What's more, it'll work. Samuel, come here. I must discuss this with you privately."

The assistant librarian, tired as he was, rose to hear this new solution, but Mr. Stilt, in his anxiety to proclaim the word, had dropped his temporary airs and had run over to Samuel's desk in the corner of the long, narrow room.

"Sit down, Samuel, sit down. There's hardly any time. We might be intruded upon any minute and must therefore make the most of these few precious moments. Alone."

"Of course, Sir." Samuel was slightly worried about Mr. Stilt. After all, he had been under a great strain. As head librarian, responsibility for the thefts had fallen directly on his aging shoulders. Five failures were a heavy strain even for someone as strong-willed as Mr. Stilt. Pledging his "all" to Mr. Stilt's newest plan, Samuel silently prayed that it would not be like the preceding abortive attempts to cure the library of its illness.

"Pay close attention, Samuel. I was sitting at my desk contemplating our plight, when it came to me. This brilliant idea. I know it will work."

"Well, Sir, what is your plan? I'm all ears, Sir, if you'll pardon the expression. Ah-ah."

But Mr. Stilt was too busy with his plan to take note of Samuel's chuckle for the day.

"Samuel, it occurred to me suddenly that the sole reason for the failure of my previous plans was the fact that I have tried to be too fair to the bounder who is stealing the books." In his more pompous moments, Mr. Stilt fell into the roll of the English squire. "I have always believed in fair play. 'Never take advantage of the underdog.' That has always been my philosophy. And, Samuel, it was nearly the death of me to have to realize this, but I must either deny my own credo or jeopardize a career which has spanned nearly forty years. God forgive me, but I'm going to fly in the face of my

own philosophy just this once."

It never failed to amaze Samuel, this heavy drama pervading all of Mr. Stilt's decisions, big or small. Samuel only hoped that if and when he finally did replace Mr. Stilt as head librarian, he too could imbue each situation with such emotional fervor.

"Samuel, in my previous attempts to catch the scoundrel, I have always informed him ahead of time of my plans, almost to the letter. As a result, he remains free. In assessing my position, it occurred to me that the only way I could ever catch him would be by not alerting him of my intention to do so. Therefore, I have decided to hold a surprise spot check."

"When, Sir?"

"Right now. Today. Immediately! Together we will watch for him. But we must be sly, as sly as he is. We must pretend to be busy at our desks. He's a brazen thief. He has stolen books right out from under our noses. He will probably not hesitate to do so again. Especially since we will look so preoccupied at our desks."

"Have you considered, Sir, that he might not be back for some time, and for us to be so involved in catching him might be a serious waste of time?"

"Yes, I have, Samuel, but I have also dedicated my soul to his capture. Vengeance! I claim vengeance!"

"A really fine sense of theatre," thought the assistant librarian. His thoughts were halted by a tug at his shoulder from Mr. Stilt who whispered into his ear.

"Here comes someone now. Assume a pose of concentration, Samuel." The door opened slowly. It was a girl.

Mercy Cunningham had had an extremely hard day. She had faced attack several times today. She was an extremely well-developed young girl—a beguiling combination of virginal beauty and near-idiocy.

Mercy had just come from the school guidance counselor. Previous to that, she had been in the school infirmary where she was taken when she was found being molested by one of the instructors in the faculty men's room where she had gone to return a library book for one of her teachers. When asked why she had mistaken the men's room for the school library, she had been unable to answer. Her actions seemed as unfathomable to her as to others. She had no explanation for anything she did. Nor could anyone else find an answer to the question which frequently popped up: How did she ever make it through junior high school? Mercy Cunningham had just appeared one day. Doubtless one day she would just disappear. However, in this indeterminate interim, here she was in the library after an extremely hard day. In her school bag was the book which had been the cause of the latest attack. She was going to return it at last.

"Keep your eyes on her, Samuel," whispered Mr. Stilt.

"But Sir, it's a girl. We're not looking for a girl, are we?"

"Nonsense. No one is excluded from my investigation. Besides, there is something very peculiar about that young lady. I can see it. Look, Samuel. Notice the strange shifting of the eyes."

Word had it that Mercy was ever so slightly myopic. For this reason she thought that she was all alone in the room. She was hunting desperately for the shelf where the book belonged. It never occurred to her merely to place the book on the librarian's desk. She was going to put it away all by herself, if only she could find the right section.

Mr. Stilt was in a positive frenzy of excitement. "Vengeance is finally mine," was his only thought. She was a very peculiar girl. Obviously she must be the thief.

Samuel was unfortunately not half as excited as Mr. Stilt. Samuel had seen Mercy before, but he could not remember where. He remembered having heard a rather strange story about her once, but for the life of him, he couldn't remember what it was now. Doubtful about the whole situation, he decided he would simply concentrate on striking a pose of busy concentration and leave the great capture up to Mr. Stilt.

Mercy, meanwhile was fingering all the books. She was looking for the section of books dealing with sexual behavior, whatever that was. Mercy was a near idiot. Nevertheless, she suddenly found what she was looking for. She bent down to open the schoolbag and remove the book.

At the same time, Mr. Stilt leaned over to whisper into Samuel's ear that they were on the verge of capturing the scoundrel red-handed. When he looked up, he saw Mercy in a position midway between the bookshelf and the schoolbag on the floor. In this position, it might have appeared that she was inserting a book into her school bag rather than extracting it. At least, so it appeared to Mr. Stilt. He raced over to Mercy.

"Caught you in the act!!!" he said.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAahhhh," replied Mercy.

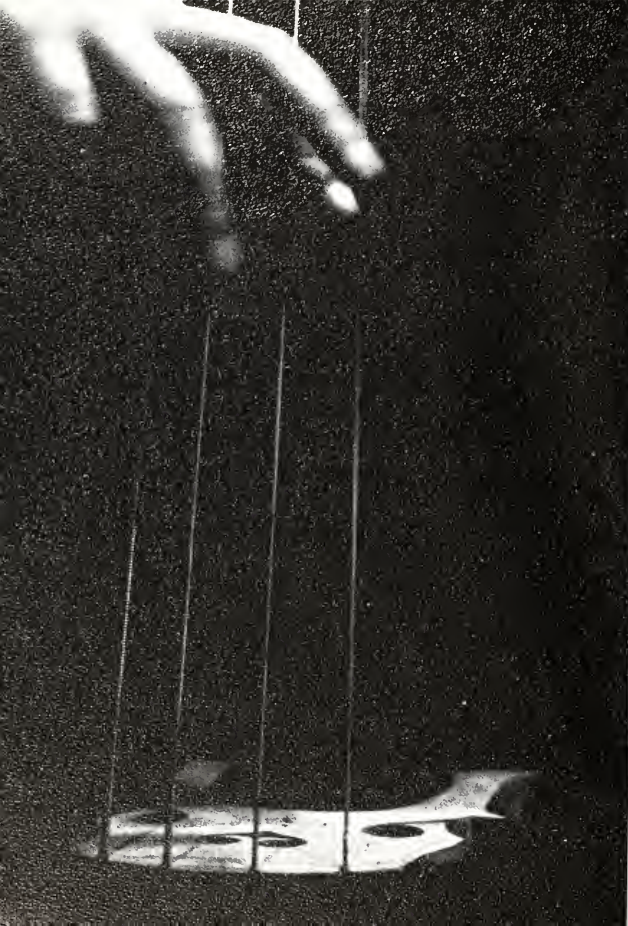
"Not you too, Mr. Stilt?" said the guidance counselor who entered the room at that moment, to find Mercy writhing on the floor with Mr. Stilt bent over her, grabbing at the book which she was attempting to use as a weapon.

Samuel, having mastered the sage and inscrutable art of silence, said nothing, and one week later, he was enjoying all the rights and privileges of his new title as Head Librarian.

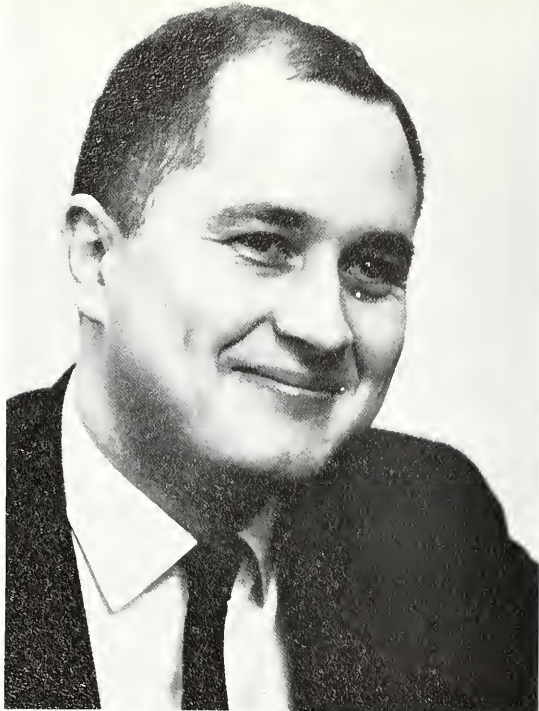












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CLARINET

SONNY CASELLA
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VOICE





ELLEN DUNMORE
VOICE

LOIS LACY
VOICE



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PIANO



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VOICE





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FLUTE





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BOB LUDWIG
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THEORY



STEVE WILENSKY
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COMPOSITION
AND TRUMPET

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IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM KINCAID
MARCH 27, 1967

